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Time's Ungentle Tide: Disillusion, Isolation and Self-Mastery in Byron and Hemingway

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TIME'S UNGENTLE TIDE:
DISILLUSION, ISOLATION AND SELF-MASTERY
IN BYRON AND HEMINGWAY

A Thesis

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The Faculty of the Department of English

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Master of Arts

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by

John C. Dashiell Jr.

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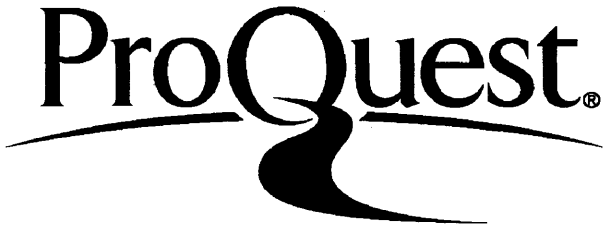

APPROVAL SHEET

This thesis is submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

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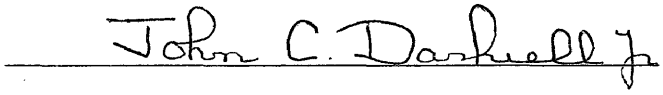

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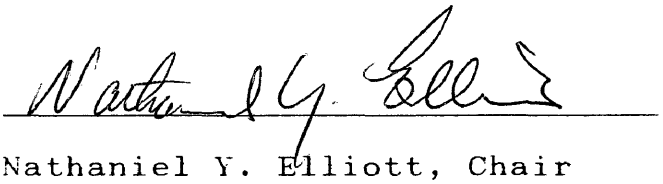
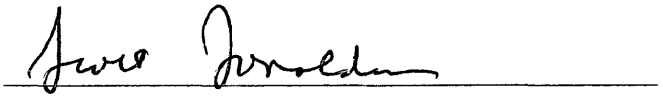
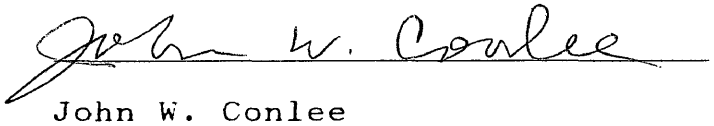


Nathaniel Y. Elliott, Chair



Scott Donaldson



John W. Conlee

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ABSTRACT

Comparing Hemingway to Byron was first proposed in 1933 by Clifton Fadiman; nearly all major Hemingway biographers and many critics since have noted similarities in the larger than life careers of the two writers. It has been said that Hemingway absorbed the Byronic stance into his own life and art--in all literature only "Byronic" and "Hemingwayesque" are associated with the term "hero."

Thematically connecting their *works*, however, appears to have earned only peripheral interest. Recurring patterns of disillusionment, retreat and isolation leading to self-mastery, and a subsequent willingness to face destiny characterize any number of their heroes. These patterns are most pronounced in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Manfred," and "Cain" for Byron and in The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms and the Nick Adams stories for Hemingway. Other efforts contain elements of such behaviorial tendencies and will be accorded their due. It is tempting to view the philosophical outlook of Byron and Hemingway as indicative of the movement of 19th-Century Romanticism toward 20th-Century Existentialism, but both writers elude classification and remain independent of any school. Elements of stoicism, romanticism, realism and existentialism can easily be found in their poems and stories. If Byron and Hemingway are to be connected, it will emerge from the like attitudes and conduct of their literary heroes.

TIME'S UNGENTLE TIDE:
DISILLUSION, ISOLATION AND SELF-MASTERY
IN BYRON AND HEMINGWAY

I. INTRODUCTION

They were born more than 100 years apart and became writers more renowned for their personalities than for their work, although their greatest efforts are among the finest and most influential in literature. Indeed, the biographical and philosophical similarites between the English aristocrat and American midwesterner were recognized as early as 1933 by Clifton Fadiman. His article, "Hemingway: An American Byron," established clear parallels in the larger than life careers of the two men and proposed that their roles of artist as hero could only be acted out in times of social change. The comparison was reiterated by Stephen Vincent Benet in 1940 and observed by most major critics since. In 1985 Michael Reynolds could claim:

> From d'Annunzio, T.E. Lawrence of Arabia and Lord Byron, Hemingway gradually developed a public role for the writer in his time; a physical, passionate, active life balanced against the contemplative life while actually writing.[1]

More than with most other artists, what they did is inextricably linked to what they wrote; what lingers in the popular imagination are the poses--Byron in exotic costume, Hemingway as war correspondent and sportsman, both writing from foreign countries.

George Gordon, the delicately handsome sixth Lord Byron, was a peculiar blend of opposites, a man of occasionally wild excesses who guaranteed his reputation through conduct calculated to shock and a practice of pursuing risky adventure. He swam the Hellespont, sparred with boxing champion Gentleman Jackson, was

pronounced "mad, bad and dangerous to know"[2] by the thwarted Lady Caroline Lamb, and finally, fed up with his own dissipation, took up the cause of Greek revolution in the field. His is a character difficult to fix; in life "he was born to be the Romantic hero, the driven individualist; sensitive to wrong yet capable of diabolic personal behavior, saint and sadist within one impulsive heart."[3] Late at night he would dash off lively letters to friends and compose the poems where expressions of cynicism and despair mingle with those of romantic celebration.

Ernest Hemingway, ruggedly good looking although, like Byron, inclined to put on weight, was also a man of apparent contradictions and unpredictable mood shifts who intentionally cultivated a persona of masculine bravado through his semi-combat exploits and outdoorsmanship. Of proven courage, he ran with the bulls in Pamplona, hunted in Africa, fished the Gulf Stream, and personally supported the Spanish republican effort. A man who mixed hard professional discipline with a pronounced private recklessness, he was the "romantic activist, the center and in so many ways the originator of his own universe," always rediscovering that "human life, his own included, is forever punctuated with pain."[4] An existential impulse runs through his stories and novels at varying levels--very strongly, for instance, in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place"--yet the energy behind and within his fiction is largely romantic and affirmative. The Hemingway hero may suffer from injustice, but in order to be stronger in the broken places he cannot sulk, cannot think of his misfortune for too long; above all,

he must act. The prescription is pure Byron. "All contemplative existence is bad," he once told his wife, "one should do something."[5] Both distrusted the effects of excessive imagination.

Byron undoubtedly realized his own limitations. Goethe, who championed him on the Continent, nevertheless remarked that when Lord Byron thinks, he is a child.[6] No one would ever accuse Hemingway of being a metaphysician or a philosopher, either. They were writers who deliberately wrote directly from life. "It may be bawdy," Byron boasted of Don Juan, "but is it not *life*, is it not *the thing*? Could any man have written it--who has not lived in the world?"[7] Hemingway, too, took pride in his worldliness and his ability to put what he had seen or learned into imaginative form.

According to Jeffrey Meyers, Hemingway was conscious of being regarded in some quarters as an American Byron. The analogy almost always extended to how they lived and, sometimes, to the attempts at imitation their characters inspired in real people. Who knows how many travellers have tried to follow Childe Harold or how many young men and women have journeyed to Pamplona for San Fermin? Yet in addition to such striking biographical parallels, there are strong thematic affinities within some of the works which have received only peripheral treatment. Broadly speaking, recurring patterns of disillusionment, self-imposed isolation leading to acceptance of their fate, and subsequent emergence typify the actions of the Byronic or Hemingwayesque hero. While not always a perfect fit, it is a process central to the

development of the hero in Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and "Manfred." It also matches the progress of Hemingway's Nick Adams through the series of short stories begun in In Our Time, as well as of Jake Barnes in The Sun Also Rises and Robert Jordan in For Whom the Bell Tolls. Variations on this pattern of conduct also appear in other works.

It is true of both that the times they lived in, the dominant political and literary trends, and their personal traits formed creative dispositions which meshed elements of stoicism, romanticism, realism and modern day existentialism into outlooks marked by "a tragic sense of defeat, vitalized by a burning rebellion."[9] The impact of the French Revolution--Byron was then a boy--its promise and failure, and Napoleon's subsequent consolidation of power on the British intelligentsia (and politicians of all persuasions) cannot be overstated. Wordsworth and Coleridge, for example, enthusiastically welcomed the overthrow of the French monarchy and the corresponding opportunity to turn egalitarian rhetoric into sensible, responsive government. Edmund Burke, in contrast, feared that Jacobin mob politics would prove contagious; his view prevailed in Parliament and a succession of repressive government measures limiting freedom of expression earned Byron's fervent opposition and contributed to his decision to leave England in 1816. "There are but two things to which I am constant," Byron wrote to Lady Blessington late in his life, "a strong love of liberty and a detestation of cant."[10]

The anarchy and bloodiness of the Reign of Terror soon appalled the young Wordsworth and Coleridge and like-minded men, but, as M.H. Abrams points out, the first-generation romantic notion of pursuing unattainable ideals had supplanted the Neo-classic tenet of seeking only reachable ones.[11] For the second-generation Romantics, Byron in particular, faith in the traditional Christian God did not seem justified on the basis of His apparent absence from human affairs. Faith in social institutions did not seem warranted due to the machinations of the powerful men who controlled them. Violence stamped itself on the age through a succession of manipulations--the French Revolution, Reign of Terror, Napoleonic Wars, Congress of Vienna. In general, English Romantics who witnessed an unstable revolutionary society then assumed an eccentric, anti-social disregard for convention, sought the minute and singular, preferred country life, natural scenery, and solitude, and focussed their concern on the individual.[12] This last quality distinguishes Byron who, in spite of his occasional reliance on aristocratic privilege, probably understood the common man as well as anyone of his class. It also foreshadows the supremacy of the individual as a motif running through twentieth-century fiction.

The reordering of Europe which so disgusted Byron after the defeat and exile of Napoleon lasted for almost one hundred years. When this scheme collapsed into a cataclysmic struggle of mass butchery in World War I, an eighteen year old American from Oak Park, Illinois, found himself lying badly wounded in the legs on

an obscure hillside on the Italian front. Ernest Hemingway, like so many of his peers, was totally unprepared for the hellish results of long-standing European antagonisms. Those who marched in August 1914 had expected to wrap up the fighting by Christmas. It did not work out that way; war's reality was worse, "so much worse than we expected."[13]

For some, the Great War shattered the Victorian belief in the certainty of human progress. As F. Scott Fitzgerald (not a veteran of combat) put it, his generation had "grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken."[14] Some saw hope for human redemption in the Bolshevik struggle to come to power in Russia, and a few approved the success of Mussolini in Italy. In both cases, the longing for humane, orderly, and reforming systems of government was broken by the jackbooted foot of dictatorship. Hemingway, barely out of adolescence, began to write during this period of disruption, smashed idealism, shifting values and uncertainty--a period not unlike that known by the young Byron.

Also like Byron, who cannot be placed comfortably in any nineteenth-century literary movement, Hemingway defies easy classification. John Killinger, in Hemingway and the Dead Gods, assigns him to the existential camp, that private preserve of continental writers like Kafka, Sartre, Heidegger and Camus. If the fundamental goal of existentialism is to establish the separate identity of the individual, then, as Killinger asserts, many of Hemingway's (and not a few of Byron's) heroes pursue this

objective (consciously or not). Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry may be said to exhibit existential qualities, but Myler Wilkinson, taking exception with Killinger, views them as primarily carrying "on the romantic tradition of melancholy, alienated men which runs from Byron through nineteenth-century Russian literature."[15] Hemingway himself cared very little for dogma, literary or political. His purpose was to write truly of what he knew. "In his fiction," Scott Donaldson observes, "he merely reported on life as he found it."[16]

He found the world of the 1920's and later much the same as Byron had found it a hundred years earlier. That the two men were different in some basic ways cannot be denied. Byron, for instance, was steeped in Calvinism, and strongly believed that he was fated to follow his rake father, his admiral grandfather, and his mad uncle to a ruinous end. He avoided what he most feared. Hemingway, who at least outwardly would have scoffed at Byron's obsession, and who thought the sins of the father should not be visited upon the son, nevertheless followed his father in suicide. Byron never took himself or his art too seriously; the flippant gesture became his trademark. Hemingway, especially as he grew older, came close to slipping into megalomania. His ambition was to be an American Tolstoy; Byron, typically, thought himself--and his contemporaries-- second-raters compared to Pope. Another difference lies in the nature of some of their characters. The Hemingway hero (Nick Adams, Frederic Henry) tends to be initially passive, careful to avoid trouble, spurred to action by

circumstances. Byron's heroes, excepting Don Juan, are assertive men who actively seek conflict. But these dissimilarities, genuine as they are, do not infringe upon the bonds that exist between them.

Man may be trapped in a life governed by death and so the Hemingway hero has a choice either to "move numbly in defeat or bravely in invincibility."[17] Byron saw the irony inherent in existence--he would stake out a position and then squash it--but he also opted for the choice Hemingway would take. The Byronic hero sought

> to be principled and humane in action, to acknowledge without collapse the normal perplexities and corruptions of existence, to profit and be honored by the opportunity of confronting the self and the universe through suffering.[18]

It is a formula for disillusionment, for withdrawal and isolation and for the formation of something skeptical but useful: the tempering of despair and the mastery of fears and the capacity to face destiny without flinching.

II. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

Byron, born in 1788, reached his majority, entered the House of Lords, and printed a batch of adolescent poetry at a time when European events were moving in unknown directions. His "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," published in 1809 and later expanded, was composed in retaliation to Henry Brougham's contemptuous dismissal in the *Edinburgh Review* of one of those early efforts.

The poem provided a survey of the current literary scene, emphasizing the failure of contemporary poets to live up to the standards of Milton, Dryden, and Pope. If Byron's sarcasm generally bordered on the childish, it was marked by an exuberance that those who agreed with his judgments applauded and those who did not attacked. Pompous phoniness--a favorite--came under direct assault and in Robert Southey, Byron found a target he could hit at will ("Don Juan," "The Vision of Judgement") for the rest of his life. "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" reflected the instincts of a battler, of a young man who could get up after being knocked down and do some damage in return. Byron later relegated his poem to the artistic scrap heap, a self-critical gesture indicative of the mockery he extended to nearly all his early works. Having evened the score with Brougham and restless for foreign climes, Byron set his sights on travel in the lands of the classical world. The poem that would emerge from these tours, Cantos I and II of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," would establish his reputation. In Canto I, which begins with a kind of disillusionment, Harold's libertine credentials are immediately revealed. He is a young man

> Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
> Few earthly things found favour in his sight
> Save concubines and carnal companie,
> And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.
> (I. 15-18)

It is not conscience that pricks his pride, but a combination of the "fulness of satiety" (I. 34) and a propensity toward melancholy, black moods which lack discernible cause.

> Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
> Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
> As if the memory of some deadly feud
> Or disappointed passion lurk'd below:
> But none this knew, nor haply car'd to know;
> For this was not that open, artless soul
> That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
> Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
> Whate'er his grief mote be, which he could not control.
> (I. 64-72)

In the first dozen stanzas of Canto I some of the standard features of the Byronic hero are outlined. The bright and sensitive Harold is at once an active participant in the pursuits expected of idle young men and a critical observer of his own behavior. His restlessness can be attributed to having nothing left to do within the expectations of his society, to an unarticulated sense of emotional suffocation.

> Then loath'd he in his native land to dwell,
> Which seemed to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.
>
> (I. 35-6)

It is less disenchantment than the need for change that Harold feels. Throughout his wanderings, no matter where he establishes himself, Harold will sooner or later feel the need to go elsewhere. His estrangement from English society was not to come until Canto III, when he was a few years older, but his capacity for disillusionment is present in Harold's character from the beginning.

His exile, then, is a self-imposed one; he is not banished by superior power or decree. As "Harold wends his lonely way" through Portugal and Spain, climbing over ruined fortresses, watching the bullfights and commenting on what he encounters, he proceeds to adopt the role of spirited outcast, fleeing "The

blight of life--the demon, Thought" (I. 860), and defying what he knows to be his fate:

> Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
> With many a retrospection curst;
> And all my solace is to know,
> Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.
> (I. 865-69)

Harold's attitude, a somewhat histrionic one, will be shared by a number of subsequent Byronic creations. The Giaour, Lara, and Manfred banish themselves for crimes real and imagined to foreign lands or monasteries where they live aloof and rebellious. The youthful Harold of the early travels cuts a considerably less gloomy figure than his successors; in fact, much of his tale is invigorated by his continual discovery of new things. He is especially enthusiastic about venturing into Albania, a country almost within sight of civilized Italy but at the time less explored than the North American West.[17]

> Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet,
> The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
> This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
> (II. 384-86)

The expedition through the mountainous terrain, along routes known only to traders and robbers, exhausts the adventurous young pilgrim, and he takes his rest near a whitewashed convent. Here he lingers, recovering both his physical strength and will to persevere before pushing into Greece. What is distinctive about Harold's stopover is his discovering in simple nature a source of recuperation after months of demanding and occasionally hazardous travel.

> Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;

> Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
> From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
> The plain is far beneath--oh! let him seize
> Pure pleasure while he can;
>
> (II. 443-47)

Neither Harold nor Byron explain precisely what it is about nature that soothes and inspires; perhaps it is only a particular cast of mind, an imaginative receptivity to its benefits that is inborn. The second canto concludes shortly after this episode and it was almost six years before Byron ressurrected the autobiographical figure who brought him fame and notoriety. Childe Harold (who appeared in manuscript as Childe Burun), however, was immediately associated with his author and almost as promptly with a certain role and outlook toward life.

With the publication of Cantos I and II of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" in 1812 Byron found himself in great demand in London society. For the next four years he liberally carried on a life of extremes, entering into affair after affair, an ill-fated marriage which lasted exactly one year, and a possibly incestuous relationship with his half-sister Augusta Leigh. The latter, coming on the heels of the birth of his legitimate daughter, Ada, insured his ostracism from the Regency court and caused him to leave England permanently in April, 1816. There is a Cruikshank cartoon of Byron's departure from Dover mockingly entitled "Fare thee Well" after a short poem of the same name; in it Byron appears in a rowboat with three clinging wenches, a basket of wine bottles and a skull made into a drinking cup. It is the stuff of a literary legend in the making, a legend Byron deliberately

contributed to with his reckless conduct (and, later, through the suggestion of participation in murder, piracy and devil worship while he was abroad). Yet another Byron was alive and well during those years, a Byron who read widely in literature and history, who spoke in the House of Lords of political reform, who was the best and most generous companion among friends. Though a superb conversationalist, he was shy and reserved among those he did not know and at times sought solitude and quiet to collect himself. First and foremost, of course, he was a poet, and during these years he wrote and published, to continual acclaim in Europe and the United States, the tales of adventure which drove Sir Walter Scott to write novels. "The Giaour," "The Corsair," "Lara" and several other efforts further impressed Byron and Byronism on the consciousness of the reading public. In "The Corsair" Conrad epitomizes the Byronic hero:

> Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
> From all affection and from all contempt:
>
> (XI. 79-80)

Written in 1814, the description anticipates the mood and situation of Byron on the eve of his leaving England two years later. It also is an accurate portrayal of the shipbound Childe Harold who, as Canto III opens, is once more upon the waters "as a weed, / Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail / Where'er the surge may sweep" (III. 16-18).

If the disillusionment of Harold's earlier incarnation had been founded upon an innate necessity to struggle with the self, the slightly older man finds ample cause for disenchantment.

Wounded in love, frustrated by the narrow small-mindedness of people he felt had betrayed him, and critical of government repressions, "Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again, / With nought of hope left" (III. 136). He is convinced that he is unqualified to herd with men. That life and life's labors may all be in vain dominates his thoughts, darkens his mood, and draws him to the site of the recently fought battle of Waterloo, "this place of skulls" (III. 154). For Harold, the battle which slew thousands served mostly to secure European monarchs atop their thrones. He commends the courage of soldiers and excoriates the politicians who lead nations into war for no other purpose than fame and glory. War would continue to fascinate Byron even as it repelled; Childe Harold, as he surveys the remnants of carnage, reflects the author's ambivalence toward armed conflict. To be "Freedom's champion" (III. 549) appears to be the sole justification for waging war. It is an important distinction for Harold, as it later was for Byron when he joined the Greek forces preparing to attack the occupying Turkish army. Only in such a cause is war valid--all other war is contemptible. An intense interest in war and a willingness to participate in its horrors does not always signify approval of it or even a pronounced desire to fight in one. Harold's reaction to the mass graves, ruined countryside and destroyed villages he sees at Waterloo is one of profound sorrow and anguish for what he believes to be the futility of human endeavor. Little worthwhile comes from the shedding of so much blood. The violent

deaths of so many young men haunts him as he journeys from France into Germany. Along the Rhine, Harold's spirits reach their nadir.

> A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
> But these and half their fame have passed away,
> And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks;
> Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
> Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
> And all was stainless, and on the clear stream
> . . .Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping
> as they seem.
>
> (III. 451-59)

The knowledge that Nature will inexorably eradicate all traces of man's most ambitious and grimmest enterprises contributes to Harold's own sense of increasing remoteness as he approaches the Alps. Byron has deployed what is presently a traditional technique for examining a state of mind--images of a war-ravaged Europe complement Harold's battered psyche. It is human frailty in general he cannot escape (except by dying), plus an overwhelming apprehension that his life does not much matter that permeates all his activities. In love, work, and politics Harold feels cheated by his culture, so much so that he must withdraw from its affairs and head for the remoter regions.

> Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
> Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
>
> Where a blue sky, and glowing clime extends,
> He had the passion and power to roam;
> The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
> Were unto him companionship;
>
> (III. 109-14)

While living in Switzerland, beneath the Alps, those "palaces of Nature" (III. 591), Harold, unconsciously at first, becomes susceptible to the effects of natural beauty.

During the summer of 1816, when Canto III was being written, Byron reread Wordsworth at the urging of his new friend Shelley. He was familiar with the great lake poet and had reviewed the Lyrical Ballads in 1807, but he had not been especially impressed with Wordsworth's use of scenery as an index of human emotion. Shelley was convinced that the future laureate was of the first rank; he quite possibly thought, given their setting (Lake Geneva) and Byron's jitteriness, that an immersion in Wordsworth would calm his nerves. In any case, Byron followed the younger poet's advice. Harold announces:

> I live not in myself, but I became
> Portion of that around me; and to me
> High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
> Of human cities torture: I can see
> Nothing to loathe in nature. . .
> . . .when the soul can flee,
> And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
> Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.
> (III. 680-88)

With the drawing of psychological sustenance from Nature, Harold slowly develops an understanding he can accept about his place in the scheme of things. It does not come from revelation or epiphany, but rather from a growing realization that whether or not man lives in vain only to die is a philosophical dead end.

Scholars have long debated how seriously Byron took impulses from vernal woods. He confessed to being dosed to the point of nausea with Wordsworth's nature poetry that summer, and he rarely wasted an opportunity to ridicule some men's readiness to seek salvation in the wilds. Nevertheless, at least seven stanzas (72-4, 88-9,97) in Canto III make Harold's soul a part of what

surrounds him, a connection which enables Nature, impartial as it is, to arrest the pilgrim's descent into nihilism and actually initiate spiritual rejuvenation. Byron may later have repudiated the capacity of Nature to heal, but he never dismissed the necessity of solitude as a proper response to emotional stress. It is a fixture of his poetry. Harold wanders alone, the Giaour retreats to a monastery, Manfred to an alpine fortress, the inexperienced Don Juan to the forests. Confused by the amorous attentions of an older woman, Don Juan becomes

> Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
> His home deserted for the lonely wood,
> Tormented with a wound he could not know,
> His, like deep grief, plunged in solitude:
> (I. 689-92)

Isolation more than Nature is the driving impetus behind the emergence of the Byronic hero from self-absorbed and self-pitying stupor. In "The Prisoner of Chillon," a tale about the involuntary imprisonment of a historical figure, Francois de Bonnivard, he suggests that even enforced isolation induces dependence upon solitude. The hero plots his escape, dreams of the outside world, and upon his release concludes, "So much a long communion tends / To make us what we are: even I / Regained my freedom with a sigh" (390-93). Though the hero of this poem lacks freedom of action, his aloneness and the self-definition that evolves from complete reliance on oneself is an exaggerated form of the process that occurs to those whose isolation is of their own making.

Childe Harold will reflect on those he has loved and who love

him and conclude it is in Man's nature "to advance or die" (III. 964). He declares a standoff between himself and the world he believes has tried to wear him down. Love between human beings--a man and a woman, a man and his child in particular--comes to replace love of self, ambition, fame, the accumulation of material wealth. Harold (or Byron himself--distinguishing between the two is virtually impossible by Canto IV) does not by any means renounce those prideful pursuits; rather he is able, as he arrives in Venice, to assimilate conflicting emotions, to subordinate one to another without strain. The world, despite man's fondness for killing and repression, despite the inevitability of death, despite the pain of unrequited love, is a good place to live because of the urge for liberty, the surmounting of fear by courage, the mystery of death and the pleasures of love.

Established in Venice (where Byron would live for most of the last eight years of his life), Harold answers the questions of meaninglessness that plagued his early travels.

> But I have lived, and have not lived in vain;
> My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
> And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
> But there is that within me which shall tire
> Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
> Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
> Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
>
> Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move
> In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.
> (IV. 1224-32)

This is the expression of a man who has peered at eternal nothingness and rejected it. Excessive cynicism only masks a failure to cope, despair merely reinforces despair. What it is that transcends earthly existence eludes Byron's grasp, but its active

presence seems to say that a person may suffer from defeat yet cannot be destroyed. The belief is a basic tenet of the Hemingway code.

III. The Pattern in Early Hemingway

Hemingway, a student of both men recently concluded, "absorbed the Byronic stance into his own life and art."[19] It was a lifelong enterprise for the American novelist whose first known encounter with the British poet was a high school recitation of "The Destruction of Sennacherib." Whether Hemingway read his parents's copy of Ethel Mayne's 1912 biography, Byron, is uncertain, but by the early 1930s he owned four more biographies, plus editions of poetical works and correspondence. Some of these books he would take to the bullfights in Spain and on African safari. References to Byron began to appear in newspaper articles written during his Paris years, although these were limited to incidental remarks relating to his reportage from locations in Switzerland and Italy where Byron visited or lived. Hemingway's published letters over forty years name Byron less than half a dozen times and his recorded interviews reflect a single mention--Byron is cited, with Verlaine, Rimbaud, Shelley, Bauderlaire, Proust and Gide as not being a girl guide, scoutmaster or any other splendid influence on youth.[20] In his fiction, Byron only turns up in Across the River and into the Trees by virtue of having lived in Venice, the setting of the novel. The hero,

Colonel Richard Cantwell, boats past Byron's house and considers how well loved he was in the town despite the errors he committed.[21] That Byron's life was known by Hemingway is apparent. Whether he was familiar with his poetry, outside of inescapably encountering it in biographical readings, is in some doubt. But whatever the truth of any *direct* influence of Byron upon Hemingway, the preoccupation with violence, war, death, and human love indicates "Hemingway is not only definitively in the Byronic tradition, he is one of the greatest manipulators of its masks and postures."[22] How this is so begins with the autobiographical Nick Adams stories.

"In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he [Nick] felt quite sure he would never die."[23] So ends the first story from In Our Time, "Indian Camp," which introduces Nick Adams accompanying his doctor father to the improvised delivery of an Indian woman's baby. Her husband, unable to bear the agony of her prolonged labor, silently cuts his throat in the upper bunk; Nick sees the bloody mess when his father pulls away a covering blanket. It is his first consequential experience with death, and he responds with the child's comforting " but it can't happen to me, at least not for a long, long time." Other stories of an older, adolescent Nick are more concerned with the difficulties of maturation, of discovering ways of life considerably different from that provided in a suburban, middle-class, Christian home. The stories reveal a young man adept at hopping trains, living off the land, and

preferring to travel alone. Nick is at ease in the woods of untamed Michigan. What upsets him is the queer look of the battered boxer Ad Francis in the firelight or his girlfriend Marjorie's cheerful assumption of future matrimonial bliss in "The End of Something." Impositions upon personal freedom are to be avoided.

The vignettes interspaced between the stories of In Our Time tell of a military unit's movement from the rear to proximity of battle to actual combat. They are told by an anonymous first person narrator whose identity is never stated. Suddenly, in Chapter VI:

> Nick sat against the wall of the church where they had dragged him to be clear of machine-gun fire in the street. Both legs stuck out awkwardly. He had been hit in the spine. . . .Nick turned his head carefully and looked at Rinaldi. "*Senta* Rinaldi. *Senta*. You and me we've made a separate peace."[24]

In a flash, the boy who thought he would never die becomes the young man who knows precisely how quickly he can. "It's [dying] pretty easy," Dr. Adams had told Nick.[25] But when he's wounded, Nick's immediate response is to declare a separate peace as if doing so will exempt him from death. More likely, he is acknowledging that he has met his obligations by being shot and nothing else can be asked of him. There is no longer a need for him to participate.

Hemingway included two more stories about Nick in In Our Time--"Cross-Country Snow" and "Big Two-Hearted River"; both take place after the war. Additional stories concerning Nick's activities on the Italian front, his recovery in hospital and

post-war pursuits in Europe and America are spread through two collections of short stories--Men Without Women and Winner Take Nothing and in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"--all published between 1927 and 1936. Placing the stories in chronological order plus adding some newly found scraps--"The Last Good Country," for example--was done posthumously, in the early 1970s. Consequently, Nick's developing character experiences gaps in the record, suffers from unclear connections between cause and effect. This difficulty is most apparent in "Big Two-Hearted River."

Taken completely by itself "Big Two-Hearted River" could be read as a pleasant camping and fishing story for boys. "Cross-Country Snow," an earlier episode from In Our Time, had featured a physically fit and married Nick Adams enjoying some Alpine skiing with a good friend--obviously, he had recovered from the brutal wound described in the vignette. "Big Two-Hearted River" occurs between Nick's return to the United States after the war and before his moving to Europe with his wife. Knowing this and aware of the dual meaning of language Hemingway uses, the story becomes a portrait of a young man on the brink of succumbing to some great and unspecified terror. The form of his trauma is shapeless and indefinable although the general assumption within critical circles is that the experience of war, coupled with the cheerful ignorance of family and friends of war's realities, has set Nick apart and induced a profound disillusionment with the society in which he grew up. The notion is given some credence by a non-Nick Adams tale from In Our Time, "Soldier's Home," which

depicts a Marine veteran named Krebs returning to his Oklahoma home following occupation duty on the Rhine. He has come back late from the war (1919), is regarded as faintly ridiculous and resorts to telling lies to be listened to. The lying disgusts him. He discovers nothing has changed in his hometown although everything about him is different from the Methodist college boy who enlisted in 1917. Typically, his parents treat him as that college boy, not as a man tempered by war and versed in the ways of foreign countries and their women. Krebs, who had been "badly, sickeningly frightened all the time,"[26] does not want to think, does not want consequences, and feels sick and nauseated when confronted by his worried mother. All he wants is for his life to go smoothly, but it can't.

Krebs could easily be the Nick who steps off the train in Part I of "Big Two-Hearted River:"

> There was no town, nothing but the rails and burned country. The thirteen saloons that had lined the one street of Seney had not left a trace. The foundations of the Mansion House hotel stuck above the ground. The stone was chipped and splint by the fire. It was all
>
> that was left of the town of Seney. Even the surface had been burned off the ground.[27]

The burned out landscape, of course, matches the condition of Nick's mind, but as he tramps over the bridge toward the forests he spots some trout in the stream and senses all the old pleasures of fishing. A moment later he kicks up some grasshoppers, notes they are black and sooty from the previous year's fire, and wonders how long they will be that way. The fire may represent his wound of the year before, the soot the unshakeable horror that

accompanied the event, and the passing of time the shedding of that horror. Nick picks up one of the hoppers, commands it to fly away and enters into the woods, heading for the river.

The tension in his mind is reflected in the ritualistic approach Nick takes to all his chores, even routine ones such as unpacking and cooking, undressing and sleeping. It keeps him from having to think, to remember. Late that first night, over coffee, he feels his brain "starting to work. He knew he could choke it because he was tired enough."[28] Exhaustion protects him.

In the morning Nick finds some good grasshoppers and heads for the stream. At first he fishes the shallows and is content to catch small trout; later, feeling sure of himself, he goes after the larger ones. After one strike, the trout runs; Nick thinks it is the biggest trout he has ever seen as the line spins out and tightens. He cannot handle the fish; the trout breaks free and the line--and Nick's mind--snaps and goes slack. Sick at heart, he reels in his empty hook and sits down on some logs. It is a critical moment; Nick, disappointed at his failure to land the big one, is now highly susceptible to losing control of his thoughts. As he sits, drying in the sun,

> the sun warm on his back, the river shallow ahead entering the woods, curving into the woods, shallows, light glittering, big water-smooth rocks, cedars along the bank and white birches, the logs warm in the sun, smooth to sit on, without bark, gray to the touch; slowly the disappointment left him. It went away slowly. . . It was all right now.[29]

Perhaps some hidden reserve, unique to himself, pulls him through at the hour of decision, yet the inspiration appears to

have its genesis in that brief consideration of nature. Nick does not contemplate that which surrounds him, he merges with it, apprehends the presence of a process greater than himself, draws strength and then simply baits up and goes back to fishing. An observer would notice nothing but a fisherman taking a break. Nick now can tackle the deeper pools he had previously shunned and take the larger trout that lie there. He will not, however, venture into the nearby swamp where the really big ones lurk. Its depth does not permit a satisfactory landing. "In the swamp fishing was a tragic adventure. Nick did not want it. He did not want to go down the stream any further today."[30]

Nick has taken a significant step toward accepting the rotten deal circumstances have handed him and integrating it into his view of the world and himself. The casting off of his depression coincides with the tossing of the fish offal away for minks to find, the recognition of his capacity to overcome it entirely is shown in the knowledge that there would be plenty of days to fish the swamp. To what extent isolation and nature contribute to Nick's readiness to get on with a worthwhile life is an open question. The best answer may be that there was no other way for Nick to get things back on track--immobilized by complexity, he had to get away, had to rely on repeatedly performing the woodsman's habits he learned as a child, had to harness the power of nature's mystery to his own desires.

Several later stories indicate that Nick Adams resumed a vigorous, responsible, and productive life. His wound does not

permit him to telemark while skiing ("Cross-Country Snow"), but it does not prevent him from engaging in mountain sports. "An Alpine Idyll" opens with a juxtaposition of a superb spring day and a burial as Nick and a friend, John, come into town after several days skiing above timber line. Nick's exultation in life is apparent:

> In the bright May morning the grave-filling looked unreal. I could not imagine anyone being dead.
> "Imagine being buried on a day like this," I said to John.
> "I wouldn't like it."
> "Well," I said, "we don't have to do it."[31]

Still, it is knowledge of death which intensifies Nick's enjoyment of returning to the valley and doing things other than skiing. "You oughtn't to do anything for too long," John says, a sentiment Nick wholeheartedly endorses.[32] Time will run out before all the possibilities of life can be savored. The maturing Nick Adams is no longer at the mercy of his passions; he directs their energy into drawing the best from life. It is a cycle of experience familiar both to Childe Harold and to Hemingway characters.

Like Nick Adams, Jake Barnes, the narrator of The Sun Also Rises, was wounded in the First World War. Unlike Nick, he cannot recover physically; the wound leaves him sexually impotent, capable of feeling love for a woman but unable to consummate his desire. Jake is deeply in love with the irrepressible and highly irresponsible Lady Brett Ashley, an apparent nymphomaniac who loves Jake, and leans on him emotionally even as she sleeps with other men. Jake is a midwesterner about whom little is explained; what is known is that Brett makes him feel like hell. In a

celebrated remark, Jake admits, late one evening after seeing her, "It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night is another thing."[33] Jake is not a whole man, but he tries hard not to think of his problem and not complain or burden others with his blasted hopes. Despite his public stoicism, he is bordering on an emotional crack-up when he takes the train for Pamplona with Bill Gorton and Robert Cohn.

Crossing the Pyrennees by bus provides Jake with a needed uplift. While Cohn--who has no appreciation for such things--sleeps, Jake and Bill look out at the mountains, trees, streams and approaching plain with a pleasure heightened by the prospect of their soon being able to fish the Irati River. Neither speaks; an approving nod suffices. Neither wants to break the momentary spell.

A few days later, with the disliked Robert Cohn secretly visiting Brett, Jake and Bill, longtime chums and kindred spirits, ride back to the high country, take rooms in Burguete, and in the morning hike out to their fishing spots. "This is country," Bill says quietly as they trek up a hill.[34] The two friends, sometimes joined by a companionable Englishman named Harris, fish the Irati for five days; the only tense moment arises out of Bill's sympathetic inquiries about Brett. Jake replies that he doesn't want to talk about it, and the subject is dropped. The wonderful country, its remoteness, and the fine fishing have provided Jake a respite from the anguish of an unfulfilled love. He is able to return to Pamplona fortified against whatever pain Brett's

behavior will induce.

The fiesta of San Fermin brings out some splendid bullfighting and an extraordinary bullfighter, Pedro Romero; it also brings out the worst in Cohn, in the drunken bankrupt Mike Campbell, and in Brett, who seduces the innocent Romero. Jake is slugged by an out-of-control Robert Cohn, thrown over by Brett, and chastised by the venerable Montoya for the conduct of his friends. Disgusted by his complicity in the corruption of Romero, he gets drunk.

When the fiesta ends, Jake accompanies Mike and Bill to Bayonne. Waiting to return to Spain, he sits in a cafe to read a paper:

> I wished I had gone up to Paris with Bill, except that Paris would have meant more fiesta-ing. I was through with fiestas for a while. It would be quiet in San Sebastian. . I could get a good hotel room and read and swim.[35]

In San Sebastian, on the beach, Jake finds the solitude he requires. As Nick made a ritual of his tasks on the Big Two-Hearted River, Jake begins to formalize his activities, repeat in good order his daily schedule. Swimming in the bay, diving deeply, Jake symbolically washes himself free of the psychological poisoning he imbibed in Pamplona. A cable from Brett intrudes, ruining Jake's growing tranquility; he reserves a berth on the next train to Madrid. The Sun Also Rises ends, like much in life, in irresolution. By fishing the Irati and, later, by holing up alone in San Sebastian, Jake earned temporary stays against having to face the emotional hurt he knew Brett would inflict. In his

final encounter with Brett it is difficult to tell whether he has at last inured himself to her dangerous appeal. Still, that it is Jake telling the story from a distant vantage point suggests he has gained control of his feelings for her and accepted the fact of his emasculation. Jake, like Nick, has embraced solitary retreat as a means of advancing in life. Otherwise, as Childe Harold discovered, one might as well die.

Frederic Henry in A Farewell to Arms, however, discovers there is neither advancement nor retreat in retreat, but only a continual spiral into something worse. When he leaves the hospital, following the death of Catherine Barkley in a stillborn childbirth, and walks back to the hotel in the rain, Frederic is a man who sees nothing at all behind human existence. A war whose cause he believed in has just soured, a love that had begun to transform him from egoistic shallowness to something finer disintegrates without reason. Life simply is, things just are.

The pattern of Tenente Henry's experiences remain within the bounds of withdrawal and return. An American architecture student in Italy who volunteers to drive ambulances at the outbreak of the war, Frederic is portrayed as a cavalier man who casually spends his money on drinking and easy women. He is essentially unformed, a man without purpose or ambition lacking any decent consideration for the feelings of others. Despite the camaraderie of the canteen, his is a lonely, standoffish figure. Byron's description of young Childe Harold as one fond of concubines, carnal companie, and flaunting wassailers would apply to Frederic.

Getting wounded temporarily removes him from his normal routine and enables him to resume an earlier affair with Catherine Barkley at the Milan hospital. There, he has the time of his life. Once back in the war he finds nothing but consequences. There had been an element of sport about the earlier fighting, but the intense fighting around Caporetto has become deadly serious. The normally cheerful surgeon, Rinaldi, is worn from trying to fix too many ripped bodies and though he and Frederic immediately start to banter as before, there is now a strained quality to their humor. Two factors begin to play with Frederic's mind as he pursues his duties. One is that the war effort is being increasingly mismanaged and the other is that the love between he and Catherine may be worth preserving. Soon necessity forces him to a hasty decision between further participation in the war and commitment to Catherine.

Since his wounding, Frederic's somewhat detached view of war has shifted from mild skepticism to a veteran's cynicism. When the Italian army breaks down under heavy German pressure, he does his best to execute his responsibilities, but is picked up by the watchful carabinieri and held in line to be shot as an officer who has deserted his troops. This is the final irony; at a time when the Germans are in pursuit he has to fear his own side more than the enemy. Escaping, Frederic knows he will sit out the rest of the war if he can get out of it. "Anger was washed away in the river along with any obligation," he recalls. "It was no point of honor. I was not against them. I was through." A moment later

he asserts, "I was not made to think. I was made to eat. My God, yes. Eat and drink and sleep with Catherine."[36]

Once safe in Switzerland, Frederic and Catherine rent a room in a chalet on the side of a mountain a small distance from Montreaux. That winter there is no future for the lovers, only a present that momentarily gives the impression of never altering. "It was fine country and every time we went out it was fun," Frederic says.[37] He has constructed an almost idyllic private world for himself and Catherine, away from the turmoil of Italy and war-torn Europe. Like Nick Adams he has made his separate peace. One thing about him, however, has not changed. Frederic remains thoroughly absorbed in his own affairs. Isolated from one threat he encounters another. Catherine's pregnancy has nearly run its course and the approaching delivery requires they leave their comfortable arrangement and move to Lausanne. Nature is cruel; the baby is born dead, Catherine hemorrhages, and Frederic watches her die. In the space of a few hours, wondrous expectation has been replaced by a numbing dread and complete bleakness. Frederic's world, the one he thought he could create with Catherine, has collapsed.

No other Hemingway novel ends in such a despairing note--even those in which the hero dies (Harry Morgan, Robert Jordan, Thomas Hudson) manage to affirm some positive principle. Withdrawal engendered by disillusionment, a main theme in A Farewell to Arms, does not appear to result in any transcending understanding, in any newfound capacity for emotional growth. Frederic's narrative

tone from beginning to end is that of a man who feels robbed of any happiness. He is powerless to rally the Italian army or save Catherine. His is a sense of helplessness addressed by Byron on several occasions, most notably in "Manfred," and considered by Hemingway in For Whom the Bell Tolls.

IV. Movements Toward Death

The long dramatic poem "Manfred," begun in Switzerland in 1816-17, is the tale of a man haunted by what he perceives to be the crime of his useless existence. It is not clear whether Manfred's remorse is caused by any particular conduct--some unknown sin controls his imagination and renders him incapable of productive work. Mistrustful of others and unable to live in regular society, Manfred flees to his sanctuary high in the Swiss Alps. As a count and nobleman, curious about the world and intellectually gifted, he had always assumed he would contribute his talents to the benefit of mankind. He has not delivered on his promise, however, and in order to remedy his failure he withdraws from his fellows to contemplate the nature of things and assuage his unnamed, oppressing guilt. This vanishing into Nature is another variation on the classical romantic solution of Wordsworth, though Byron this time emphasizes the spectacular aloneness of his hero, the seeking of information (not guidance) from a higher source, the invisible world glimpsed in the imagination.

Manfred wanders the jagged-edged peaks, pondering the meaning of good and evil, envisioning himself as a kind of superman, and raging at the inevitability of his own death. Realizing that his fate is to wither in his castle until released through dying, Manfred decides to cheat the fates by committing suicide. Such a course, he concludes, is the only solution to a worthless life. Climbing the Jungfrau, Manfred is poised to leap off a cliff when he is rescued by a chamois hunter. The respite engenders a confession. Manfred's sin has been to love his sister Astarte and cause her death; his anxiety rests on his not being able to tell whether she loves or forgives him his act. Because she is dead, he cannot know, and it is this uncertainty, coupled with his aborted promise, that leads him to contemplate killing himself. Now, the only thing Manfred knows is that he must live on, a separate consciousness, unable to mix with other men and women. "The lion is alone," he notes, "and so am I" (III, i, 123).

At this point in the poem Byron, who was wrestling with the implicatins of his relationship with his sister, Augusta, stopped writing. It is probable that as his private situation remained in doubt so would the resolution of "Manfred." In Venice four months later Byron found he could resume the poem. The last half of the drama is mostly a complicated dialogue between Manfred and the imaginary spirits he conjures up or between Manfred and the abbot. Beyond the obvious Faustian parallels and dependence on mythological allusions, the encounters signify that God, devil, and man cannot tempt Manfred once he has learned to "accept,

albeit without sacrificing his essential self, and not learn to expect."[38] Manfred finally achieves the inner harmony he has for so long desired. One of the spirits he has been battling discerns the transformation

> Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes
> His torture tributory to his will.
> (II, iv, 160-61)

Byron has sketched a process that one critic, Peter Thorslev, states "comes close to the existential dilemma; man alone and in an alien and godless universe, with nothing more than this 'dreadful freedom' to create his own system of value and, in a sense, his very self."[39] (It is at this point that Manfred most resembles Frederic Henry at the end of A Farewell to Arms). Following the triumph of his will Manfred decides he must die. There is, however, a significant difference between his prospective death and his suicide attempt. Earlier, he had been at the mercy of his own interior demons. At the end of the poem he is at ease with other men and in control of his passions. The menacing spirits continue to vie for ownership of Manfred's soul, but he denies them:

> I do defy ye,--though I feel my soul
>
> Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;

An instant later:

> I do not combat against death, but thee
> And thy surrounding angels; my past power
> Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
> But by superior science--penance, daring
> And length of watching, strength of mind and skill.
> (III,ii,99-100,112-16)

Manfred's acceptance of death is consistent with his painfully

acquired new knowledge of himself and is a reality all mortals must grapple with. It is not a negation of the human spirit, but a cry for continuance. "Old man!" Manfred calls to the abbot as consciousness fades, "tis not so difficult to die" (III, ii, 151). Though Manfred does not, indeed could not, achieve God-like knowledge, what he does acquire proves valuable; he knows his life has been worthwhile. Finally, in accepting his own death, he makes a decision free of ignorance and superstition.

All life, of course, is a movement toward death and perhaps all that distinguishes an individual is the courage he brings to it. The experience of Robert Jordan in For Whom the Bell Tolls in this way forms an excellent counterpart to "Manfred." Jordan's story, which only roughly fits the pattern of disillusionment, retreat, and return is, in the words of one critic, primarily "the study of a man going inexorably to his death for a purpose."[40]

The theme is established from the start of the novel. An American professor travelling in Spain when the Civil War began, Robert Jordan, who has offered his services to the Loyalist armies, is about to embark on a mission to blow up a bridge behind enemy lines. It must be accomplished within 72 hours; success probably means getting killed. The peasant woman Pilar reads death in his palm. Hemingway will compress all grand human pursuits--war, love, courage, betrayal, cowardice, etc.--within the three days. Jordan himself appears more motivated by anti-fascism than by support for a particular cause. He holds no illusions about his Communist bosses. If not exactly alienated

from the politicians and generals, he nonetheless moves separately through their schemes, always careful to retain his independence of belief and judgment.

The mission focuses Jordan's thoughts; not even his immediate and deep love for Maria persuades him to abandon it. It is a remarkable exercise in self-discipline, for in their lovemaking emerges the aching realization that "he would prefer not to die,"[41] that in life nothing is finer than love. Yet he proceeds with the mission because in a world dominated by fascists there can be no real love and little worth living for. In the end it makes no difference whether he can love Maria for three days or for thirty years. The fulfillment is the same. How he may die, Jordan believes, will make a difference, will underscore any value his life may contain and give significance to his deed.

Lying on the pine-needled forest floor (a repeat of the opening sentence), injured and waiting for the enemy, Jordan staves off unconsciousness, digs into the Spanish earth and defies the urge to sleep. He is, as he wanted to be, alone.

> And if you wait and hold them up even a little while or just get the officer that can make all the difference.
>
> One thing well done can make--[42]

At the moment he spots the first enemy soldier he becomes one with his surroundings. "He was completely integrated now and he took a good long look at everything. Then he looked up at the sky."[43] As the enemy patrol advances he watches, holding on to himself, almost willing death to wait a moment longer, anticipating the absorption into nature dying brings. Earlier Robert Jordan had

asserted that "the world is a fine place and worth the fighting for."[43] He did not want to leave it. One thinks of Byron at Missolonghi, dying of malaria, unable to lead his forces into battle against the Turks. Before his health failed, in a poem called "On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year," he scribbled

> If thou regret'st thy Youth, *why live*?
> The land of honourable Death
> Is here:--up to the Field, and give
> Away thy Breath!
>
> Seek out--less often sought than found--
> A Soldier's Grave, for thee the best;
> Then look around and choose thy Ground,
> And take thy Rest!
> (33-40)

The men who populate the poetry and fiction of Byron and Hemingway are by nature loners who want their lives to go well. External events intrude, but the primary danger to their well being is excessive imagination. Childe Harold flees the demon he calls Thought, Manfred nearly kills himelf because of it, Nick Adams chokes off thinking before it gets the better of him, Jake Barnes faces his worse moments when he cannot control it at night. Whenever complexity threatens to immobilize their will, their capacity to function in the world, the Byronic and Hemingway heroes withdraw, seek solace and usually rejuvenation in isolation and, sometimes, in the workings of nature. They emerge different for the experience, not necessarily as less self-centered or greater men, but as individuals freer from illusion than they were. In doing so they express an enduring point of view--how to make the best of what they find in this world of sorrow and exhilaration.

Notes

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[5]Longford, 213.

[6]Frank O'Connell, "Stalking Papa's Ghost; Hemingway's Presence in Contemporary American Writing," Ernest Hemingway: New Critical Studies, ed. A. Robert Lee (Totawa, New Jersey: Barnes and Noble, 1983) 196.

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[23]Ernest Hemingway, "Indian Camp," The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1987) 70.

[24]Hemingway, Chapter VI, 105.

[25]Hemingway, "Indian Camp," 70.

[26]Hemingway, "Soldier's Home." 112.

[27]Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River," 163.

[28]Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River," 169.

[29]Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River," 177.

[30]Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River," 180

[31]Hemingway, "An Alpine Idyll," 262.

[32]Hemingway, "An Alpine Idyll," 263.

[33]Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1985) 34.

[34]Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, 117.

[35]Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, 232.

[36]Ernest Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1985) 185.

[37] Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, 233.

[38] Cooke, 69.

[39] Peter L. Thorslev, The Byronic Hero, (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1965) 175.

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